

Molotov Solution

"December 4th"

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[Jay-Z Verse 1]

They say "they never really miss you til you dead or
You gone"

So on that note I'm leaving after the song
So you ain't gotta feel no way about Jay so long
Atleast let me tell you why I'm this way, Hold on
I was conceived by Gloria Carter and Adaness Revees
Who made love under the Siccamore tree
Which makes me

A more sicker emcee my momma would claim
At 10 pounds when I was born I didn't give her no pain
Although through the years I gave her her fair share
I gave her her first real scare
I made it from birth and I got here
She knows my purpose wasn't purpose
I ain't perfect I care
But I feel worthless cause my shirts wasn't matchin my
Gear
Now I'm just scratchin the surface cause what's burried
Under there
Was a kid torn apart once his pop disappeared
I went to school got good grades could behave when I
Wanted
But I had demons deep inside that would raise when
Confronted
Hold on

[Jay-Z's Mom:]

Shawn was a very shy child growing up
He was into sports
And a funny story is
At 4 he taught hisself how to ride a bike
A two wheeler at that
Isn't that special?
But, I noticed a chance in him when me and my
husband
Broke up

[Jay-Z Verse 2]

Now all the teachers couldn't reach me
And my momma couldn't beat me

Hard enough to match the pain of my pops not seeing
me,
SO
With that distain in my membrain
Got on my pimp game
Fuck the world my defense came
Then Dahaven introuced me to the game
Spanish Jose introduced me to cane
I'm a hustler now
My gear is in and I'm in the in crowd
And all the wavey light skinned girls is lovin me now
My self esteem went through the roof man I got my
swag
Got a volvo from this girl when her man got bagged

Plus I hit my momma with cash from a show that I had
Supposedly knowin nobody paid Jaz wack ass
I'm geting ahead of myself, by the way, I could rap
That came second to me movin this crack
Gimme a second I swear
I will say about my rap career
Til 96 came niggas I'm here
Good-bye

[Jay-Z's Mom:]

Shawn use to be in the kitchen
Beating on the table and rapping
And um, until the wee hours of the morning
And then I bought him a boom box
And his sisters and brothers said he would drive them
Nuts
But that was my way to keep him close to me and out of
Trouble

[Jay-Z Verse 3]

Good-bye to the game all the spoils, the adreline
Rush
Your blood boils you in a spot knowing cops could rush
And you in a drop your so easy to touch
No two days are alike
Except the first and fifteenth pretty much
And "trust" is a word you seldom hear from us
Hustlers we don't sleep we rest one eye up
And the drought to find a man when the well dries up
You learn to work the water without workin thirst til
Die YUP
And niggas get tied up for product
And little brothers ring fingers get cut up
To show mothers they really got em
And this was the stress I live with til I decided
To try this rap shit for a livin

I Pray I'm forgiven
For every bad decision I made
Every sister I played
Cause I'm still paranoid to this day
And it's nobody fault I made the decisions I made
This is the life I chose or rather the life that chose
Me

If you can't respect that your whole perspective is
Wack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black

If you can't respect that your whole perspective is
Wack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black
[Repeat 2 more times to fade]

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